

KNITTING MACHINE SPEEDS UP WORK



The comforts committee of the Navy League of the United States has installed in its headquarters several knitting machines for making sweaters, mufflers, socks and other wearing apparel for our fighters.

U. S. Soldiers Confident They Can Whip Boche

Troops in France Are Training to the Highest Point of Efficiency.

KNOW NO FEAR OF FRITZ

Soldier Writes of Work and Experiences With Army at the Front—Old Regulars to Be Used as Crack Units of the United States Forces.

Dear —: This is the first time I have had—or have taken—for letter writing in some days. I wrote home, and will devote the rest of the minutes between now and bedtime to a long-delayed letter to you. I only just returned to my company after being away for a month—in a blamed sight colder place. I had a long and wonderful trip, the details of which I can't, of course, recount. Let it be mentioned, however, that among other things I did was sleep in a real steam-heated room, with sheets, five electric lights, all going at once, and a bathroom. I was a next-door neighbor of Hank Wales, of the I. N. S., who, I discovered, worked in Sacramento, taking the job I left when I went to Panama. He knows you, and I mentioned that I did, but didn't go into any details. My trip, my one night of luxury and my reversion to the life of the army have brought a realization of one thing, though:

To pervert the title and main strain of the latest Broadway and first-line trench hit, the fun is over, over here. From now on it's business.

France, to the American soldier, never again will be what it has been. This thought began to formulate itself in the minds of the lucky Americans who came over here in the late summer of 1917, about the time the snow began to fall and the fog to come in from the coast. Now it has crystallized. The grave, whole-souled, sincere six-months' welcome of France is over. It was a welcome not so much as it is spoken at a banquet when the mayor turns the hypothetical keys of the city over, but of the man who opens his home and his all and says, not in words, but in deeds, "You are one with us; what we have is yours." And fortunate were the Americans who were present at this welcome. The army that comes this year will be welcomed, but not as we were.

No Longer a Novelty.

Not that France has intentionally moderated her tone. There has been a merely natural relaxation, of course, and the "soldat Americaine" now is accepted more as a matter of course than as a novelty. But the big factors are that the United States is getting into the war—and it is winter. There is less liberty now than there was—no all-night passes, and frequently Sunday is broken by inspection and drills. There is no military permission to visit nearby cities except on business. Visiting of the cafes is permitted only between noon and 2 p. m. and 6 p. m. and 8:30 for officers and enlisted men. Winter has brought long nights and cold days, its Red Cross sweaters and the 17 pairs of socks from home, and, incidentally, the keenest appreciation of three fruits of civilization which "back home" are such common-places that their existence creates no more thought than the flea on Hector's back.

These are light, heat and water.

War, and its concomitant economies, cause a step backward in evolution and human progress—superficially, at least—and luxuries vanish, one by one, while what the American of today subconsciously considers as necessities are stunted. An acorn or so ago water and artificial heat and light might have been considered a luxury, or a dissipation by our developing ancestors. But now they are normally in the class of things we must have. There is, of course, no alarming scarcity of any of these things. Merely a conservation.

Over here we hear that the lights are going out on Broadway, and Dearborn street, and Canal street, and Mar-

ket street; that they are mixing soft coal with hard to conserve, but at the same time give the flat dweller a warm radiator to get up by. And then we figure that the scintillating, on-and-off cigarette sign, at the corner of Broadway and Sixth avenue, for instance, would supply enough light for a whole division; that just one of those restless snakes pursuing each other around the edges of that sign would illuminate the whole of this Grand Hotel du France, in which we now are billeted, and be a distinct betterment on our present two-candle power (actual) lighting plant.

Every Town Has One.

I am divulging no "outstanding physical characteristics which might betray locality" when I mention the Grand Hotel du France. They are as common as Maxim's restaurants in the United States. Every town has one, and they generally are august, aged hostilities, living, like the Mississippi river steamboats, on their reputation. This one is a comparative juvenile. It is only one hundred and one years old, according to a corner stone we discovered the other day. But at that it hasn't got electric wiring and plumbing and a furnace in the basement, and if we only had just the rattle on the end of that snake's tail hanging on a cord in room No. 12 there would be four jubilant soldiers in that "petit chambre."

When the United States took over the Grand Hotel du France it got it unfurnished, of course. It immediately refurnished it with two double-decker bunks of the latest type—nothing more. We sleep two in a corner, and I have one of the lowers. We have discovered, by the way, a virtue in this arrangement. The beds are sturdy, but can be jarred by a jiggling of the body, and in the event that your bedmate, above or below, is addicted to snoring (and you would be surprised how many soldiers are) you can always stop him by "rocking the cradle" until he turns over. This is very handy. It saves looking all over the room for a shoe when you get up in the morning.

There are four of us in this room. The most optimistic of the succeeding landlords of this hostelry must have

PROTEGE OF MRS. MARSHALL



Clarence I. Morrison, now Morrison Marshall, protege of Mrs. Thomas R. Marshall, wife of the vice president, has developed from a tiny, undergrown infant to a bouncing seventeen-month-old boy. Mrs. Marshall found him in a Washington diet kitchen infirmary and asked the mother to loan him to her for care in her own home. He was one of twins, and the mother is caring for the other. The Marshalls have not adopted this one, but they have an indefinite "loan" of him. Part of his rejuvenation was due to a few weeks in Michigan and Arizona where his foster parents went for a vacation.

had trouble in recommending it to the four generations of transients who have abided here and gone. But all the soldiers do not fare so. We are lucky! A relative of a soldier "billeted out" was looking for him recently. The headquarters of the company were in a former private dwelling house.

"Take a look upstairs," said a brother soldier. "If you don't find him there look out in the carriage house and in the barn loft. If he's not there he'll be in the chicken house."

Our room doesn't afford even that relic of the castle and pride of the bungalow, a fireplace. But our next-door neighbor's does, and we are officially assigned to hang out around his grate. That solves the heat problem, and also the bathing question.

Bathing facilities are limited in France—at least that. In all of France, for example, there is probably not one of those bores who bothers you about statistics on his daily matutinal inundation. I do not know the favorite Saturday night pastime of the people, either, but I can say that if there is a modern bathtub in this particular town the Americans have not yet found it. So we merely heat a kerosene canful of water—at our neighbor's fireplace—and take a "bird bath." As there are eight men who must perform this ablution about one fireplace, and a good soldier takes a bath twice a week, and there are only seven nights in the week, this grate is a busy place.

Drinking water is obtained only after difficulties sometimes. The American doctors are taking no one's word about the supply but their own, and we are allowed to partake only after samples have been tested. Frequently, when in a town, the municipal supply is avoided and the supply is brought in in trucks from distant points. But I am not so skeptical of water as I was.

Our last station was near a hospital. In front of this hospital always hung a big canvas bag full of invitingly cool water. I cannot speak for the whole company, but my squad I know used always to drink thereof. We had kept it up for something near a month when one day a doctor in tortoise-shell glasses and a white apron espied a soldier partaking at the bag. He became immediately very vociferously apprehensive and expostulatory.

"For the great jumped-up Holy Moses, man," said he, "don't drink that. That's where we keep all the samples of contaminated water from this part of France."

Find Disease Germs.

In the last 17 days we've found germs of 13 deadly diseases right in that container. There are nine million bacteria to the square inch in that—enough germs in that bag to kill the whole German army. I should say that my squad consumed several cubic feet of that water, and I don't know enough about mathematics to compute the number of germs. But we're all alive, and that was two months ago.

But enough of this gassing. I resolved to be brief in my letters, and here I've brimmed over onto the third page. It has been cold where I am, but the last few days have been like springtime. Where I was last was up in the snow belt, where it gets on the ground and stays there, the only hopeful word the natives can give being that "it goes off the ground in April." Without going into details, though, I learned one hopeful thing. While away I had an opportunity of talking with a lot of Americans who have been in the trenches. They were from different groups of troops and had been "in" at different times. And they all were confident that the Americans can whip the Germans at every stage of the game. This isn't the boast of a few, but the consensus of the calm opinion of about 40, I guess, that I talked to. It was very encouraging, coming from men who have had a mouthful of the front. Most of the fellows were from the old American regular army—from the units over here, which are the only ones still intact, I believe. They are being trained to the highest point of military efficiency possible, and, they say, are to be used as the crack units of the United States forces, corresponding with the famous "shock" units of the German and other armies. I guess the same is true of the Rainbow division of the National Guard, which got such a send-off in the States.

Regulars Fare Worse.

The old regular army fellows seemed to have fared worse than the rest of us. They came over early in the game, most of them straight from the border with only a few days in the East, and went into training immediately. They were quartered up where the war has left an obvious mark and taken most of the supercilious. They've been going hard ever since, learning everything of the latest weapons, maneuvers, signals and military science that the French, British and Americans had to teach them. They're probably the soundest bunch of men, physically, in the world. And yet they're greatly neglected. This is because they come from the United States in general and no place in particular. Most of the regiments here come from a distant locality, and the folks back home organize welfare societies and send 'em tobacco and sweaters, but the regulars don't get in on this.

I had a few letters from the coast and probably will get more when the Christmas mail, which is still coming in, catches up.

Till la Guerre is Finis.

ROSS.

P. S.—The army censor who O-K'd the above letter added in his own handwriting the following wall:

"P. S.—Above statements regarding the regular forces being more or less forgotten are true, too true. I, too, am from the regular service and I happen to know we were overlooked only too well."

WANTED-AMERICANS!

There are 90,000,000 of us in the United States—all in the family of our own Uncle Sam.

And Uncle Sam needs money—your money—everybody's money. He doesn't ask you to give it to him; he wants to borrow and pay you interest for it.

Maybe you didn't have \$50 or \$100 to lend him in Liberty Bonds, but surely you have 25 cents. If we, all of us, buy one thrift stamp—just one stamp apiece—that is \$22,500,000, and if everyone of us buys \$4.12 worth—25 cents worth from time to time for sixteen times—that's \$370,800,000.

Your pin money does help. Doesn't it?

We don't know how much money you have—how much—how little. It doesn't matter, anyway. For it is getting to a point that every man—every woman—every boy—every girl—must make the business of helping win this war—the most important thing on earth.

Like the Liberty Bonds, the war savings certificates bear 4% interest. On January 1, 1923 each certificate will be worth \$5. These stamps are exchangeable at face value plus accumulated interest at any time between now and January 1, 1923.

You can buy from your mail carrier or at the Post Office.

Buy your first one today.

This Advertisement Paid for and Donated by

Leak & Marshall & Parsons

Nature Is Outwitted.

The man who invented the sewing machine achieved what he was after when he stopped trying to imitate the human hand. If you go into a factory you will see machines doing things which only human skill could do but a short time ago, but the processes are quite different from the manual method. The inventors have risen superior to the formulae that nature would seem to have laid down for them.

Natural Gas.

Natural gas is probably formed in the earth by a process of natural distillation from the animal and vegetable remains of past geological epochs, and is nearly the same product as is distilled from coal in the retorts of gas factories, only instead of the heat of fires the internal heat of the earth, aided perhaps by chemical decomposition, has caused its formation on a magnificent scale.

"Bankrupt."

The discussion on the etymology of the word "bank" in Mr. Justice Darling's court might have been carried a step further by the illustration of our term "bankrupt," says a London paper. The old Venetian money-changers and lenders carried on their business at a stand or bench (banca), and when one was unable to meet his obligations his "banca" was broken (rupta).

Thrift



WAR SAVINGS STAMPS

Thrift Stamps cost 25 cents each and draw no interest. You can buy them from your letter carrier, either city or rural route at the post office or your bank. You will be given a card to paste them on. This costs nothing. There are spaces for 16 Thrift Stamps on this card. When your card is full, take it to your post office or bank any time, with a few cents additional and your card will be exchanged for an interest-bearing War Savings Certificate worth \$5 on Jan. 1, 1923. This gives you 4 per cent interest compounded quarterly. You can buy 20 War Savings Certificates at one time. They will cost you \$25.00, and their face value at the time of redemption, January 1, 1923, will be \$50.00. War Savings Certificates may be registered at any post office of the First, Second or Third Class. War Savings Certificates may be converted into cash at the post office where issued if you need the money. You will get interest, too, at about 5 per cent.

STAY the Hand That Would Hoard the Pennies—



Guide It to Patriotic and Profitable Investment

The childish instinct tends usually toward saving. But to this instinct must be added a purpose in the saving. The mere hoarding of coin pleases a child's fancy, but it does not teach the lesson of thrift. Teach your child his first lesson of patriotism by making him a factor in aiding the government, and his first lesson of investment by placing his money where it earns interest. Thrift Stamps furnish the government with money for carrying on the war. They earn 4 per cent interest. Replace the penny bank with a Thrift Stamp Book.

WEST BROS., Buick and Chevrolet Dealers